DESOLATION

DEATH-DEALING CYCLONE SWEEPS THROUGH SUMNER AND HAR-PER COUNTIES.

Eleven Lives Destroyed at Wellington and Six at Harper City.

A Large Number of Other Unfortunates Wounded-The Business Sections of Both Towns Badly Wrecked.

The Damage to Property at Wellington Placed at a Half Million Dollars-A Like Total at Harper,

A Terrible Scene During the Fire at Wellington-A Young Wife Burned to Death Before Her Husband's Eyes.

Thirty Farm Houses Swept Out of Existence Southwest of Harper - Monuments in the Cometers at the Latter Point Blown Down-The Fair Grounds Buildings Distroyed-Destingtion and Want. Storm Notes.

From the Wichita Daily Eagle.

WELLISOTON, May 28.-If all the artill ery in the national arsenals had been firing grape and canisterinto Wellington for the past forty-eight hours the wreck and rule could not be so complete as it was this muraing when the gray streaks of the dawning day shed sufficient light on the scene of devastation to reveal, through the eye, to the senses, the full measure of the ruin that had been wrought by the en raged and ferocious elements. It is imsible for the brains of those who have not seen the wreck to conceive its exten or to form an idea of the peculiar sensa tions it inspires.

The scene was peculiarly impressive this morning at 4 o'clock, when the special train bearing fifteen doctors came in from Wichita. A mantle of appailing darkness over-pread the city and lanterns dimiy lanterns dimly burning were seen flitting about, as though floating in mid-air or carried by invisible hands. A fire was lighting in the middle of the street, in front of the fated Phillips house, and as the gaunt ws of men hopped about the circular edges of its halo no one could fail to rember the ghosts and goblens that filled his youthful imaginations. Every now and then a quartette or a sixtette of silen men would solemnly and suddenly wind around a corner or emerge from the darkness learing a stretcher with a prostrate form upon it, and you would involuntarily halt and shudder, and shy away from it and try in vain to force your firsh creeping and crawling and wriggling from the soles of the feet to the crown of your head. The majesty of death, as it appears in a form suddenly stricken from the roll of the animate, is truly awe inspiring, and fills the soul with a scriousness that is be-youd description, particularly when this

Egyptian density. The genius only of a Pos could do justice to such a subject, When the eastern sun gradually lower ed the vell of the horizon from his face and showed to the world a cheerful coun tenance-for a beautiful sun arose this morning, as if in mockery of the dismall pall that overlinng this part of the world the women and children timidly ventured out, the latter clinging tenuciously to the corners of the aprons of the former, to Every woman had a tear in her eye and a burden of sorrow in her beart. They met on corners in groups, with faces blanched with some peculiar nervous dread, and there they talked in subdued tones, as if they were afraid of awakening the dead. Every sigh and sob that escaped them sank into the little souls of their (little offspring and mese them cling cluser to the maternal appr

Poor Wellington, the beautiful city that stood vesterday in the middle of an emerald ocean of billowy prairie, a monument to the enterprise of her energetic and new gressive children, is today partially burie in her own ruins. Some who felou wisdom may say that she will never recover from the blow the elements dealt her, but these people do not know the spirit of the men of Wellington—they do not know the Wellington-they do not know the phoenix-like proclivities of the capital of grand old sumner, with an annual wealth producing power of an empire. The flery God decended on Wellington a few years ago, with fury equal to last nights tor ando, and reduced a great part of it to But Wellington rose from the She was borne up by the enterprise of her citizens, and stood forth, the were, ten times a finer city

than it was before. Yes, Wellington will rise from her ruins as she rose from her ashes; she will be orne up by the grit and mettle of her children, and a year hence she will be a more beautiful city than she was yesterday, when she was blooming like the rose t bedecked the soft verdure of the 700. 000 acres of land of which she is the capi This is a prediction based on the re Her generous bosom will ord of her past, yield as good brick as that which has been crumbled into dust and the grit of her sons and the genius of her fair daughters will build and beautify as many fine homes as she prided herself in possession

THE STORM

The storm commenced its work of rule and devastation at a few minutes after 9 o'clock. Its course was from the west and was terrible to hear. The noise immediately ceased, and a moment's dead calm followed. Then the roar commenced again, and for three minutes everything western part of the city, which is occupied by palatial residences. Immediately east of this, and between the opposite bill where the main part of the city stands,

there is a deep draw about 500 yards in width. The Rock Island road runs down this little valley. The wind never touched the western hill, but dipped down in the valley, took two heavy freight cars from the swirch, and the office of the Rock Island elevator, and pitched them 200 feet Isiand elevator, and pitched them 200 feet from the place where they stood. It raised from the valley to the top of the next hill, and then it swept due north between Seventh and Ninth streets and took every-thing on its way. It took up a fine home recently occupied by Banker Speers and completely turned it around. It then swept on and took every house it struck swept on and took every house it strack in its course. When it reached the Lutheran church it ploked it up, turned it up side down, crushing a bran new unoccupied house bemeath it. This church was a large frame building with a seating capacity of about 700. Farther down itstrack the Episcopal church and reduced it to splisters. It then spitfully went out of its way to Harvey avenne, where it encountered the imposing Presbyterias church and crushed that into a shapeless mass. It completely destroyed everything in the church out the ministers pulpit mass. It completely destroyed everything in the church but the ministers pulpin chair, which it picked out from the flying debris and safely landed without a chack or a scratch on the lawh. Part of the building was blown over to the side of the parsonage but fortunately it did no damage to that building.

After venting its weath on this temple of religion is married in side of the parsonage but fortunately it did no damage to that building.

age to tast outlining.
After venting its weath on this temple of religion, it retraced its steps to its old pattsway, and with redoubled force, commenced coarying every thing before it. When it reached Washington avenue it broadened out so as to catch the two best blocks in town on both side of the main business street and between Harvey and Ninth streets. Every building on either side of the street between Seventh and Ninth was turned upside down and reduced to Smithereens, including the old stone court house, except a little frame building, which stood near the latter building, this it left intact, although it was the lightless building in the block. The roof of the opera house caved in, and unroufed every building on both sides of the street between that and the Arlington hotel. It is singular, but it took away the rear walls of the building on the east side of the street which were opposite from its course. It then signed its way southward. After making two livery stables bite the dust, it cut the rear walls out of the six buildings that combined the bundless we bried. Somene the rear walls out of the six buildings that composed the hands me brick "Sumner Comps Standard" block except the wait of the postoffice, which its patriotism al-lowed it to overlooked. A company of National Guards was drilling in the next building to the pagridge at the time A. building to the postoffice at the time. Af-ter taking the rear wall bodily before the ter taxing the rear wait soulty before the eyes of the solidiers it seemingly suspended its patriotism towards Uncle Sam and took the roof from over their heads. It next tackled the building at the end of the row, where the Summer County Standard and Wellington Daily Mail are

Standard and Wellington Daily Mail are printed. It played smash sure enough with this building, taking away the rear wall and scooping out a round hole 15 feet in diameter in the east well. Frad Bohanna, editor of the Daily Mail, was in the office at the time. Hearing the roar, he planted himself up in the corner of his sinctum, where he remained in misery for about three minutes, it had no respect for the ures, for it destroyed every print. sanctum, where he remained in misery for about three minutes it had no respect for the press, for it destroyed every printing office in town. The offices of the Mail, the Voice and the Monitor are completely destroyed, while the Standard office is badly wrecked. Before it reached the Standard block it struck the telephone office. Miss Harp, the operator, jumped from her revolving chair and went to the other side of the board stand. She was not a quarter of a second too quick, for the brick fire wall overhead came crushing through the ceiling and absolutely filled the wacant chair so full of bricks that if the wound had been affled without question. As it was, she did not get a wound, although the young lady had staid in it she would have been affled without question. As it was, she did not get a wound, although the young man who stood beside her received a bad scalp wound from falling bricks; Leaving the Standard block it swept across the street and reduced the front walls of the Moore foundry to dust.

The Phillips house was the worst wreck of all. That building was completely reduced to splinters, except the mansard roof, which dropped down on the rains, giving the wreck a peculiar appearance. The Phillips house was a frame building of about fifty rooms, and was the oldest hotel in the city. The storm struck the new Summer county court house with all its force, but did not injure it a particle.

ew Summer county court house with all s force, but did not injure it a particle It also struck the First ward sch is also struck the first ward school holse, a very imposing brick structure, and reduced all of it above the first story to splinters and dust. This building was protected by a cyclone policy. Scores of other houses were completely demolished, while hundreds were seriously damaged. form-wrapped in a ghostly white sheet emerges suddenly from darkness of

AFTER THE STORM It is impossible to describe the wreck

or to locate it. It is everywhere and the streets in the path of the storm ud, dull Michigan of rafe nre like dead. full That is not a good description of it, either, the scene looks more like one of the great big, chopping, tie making, rall-splitting districts of Missouri, while the where the big brick blocks stond look like deserted brick kilos, crambling in rain and decay. Piles of tin sheets are strew: everywhere and in every direction on the ground, while strips of it are hanging over and flapping against the sides of walls, making a terrible noise. Then a sain, sheets of tin are langing on tele phone poles and mingling amid the branches of trees. All the city are down and trampled in the mud. while here and there lamp posts are seen wrenched from their festenings and strewn along the streets. Trees! They are strewn everywhere. Some of them were picked out of the ground, some of them were twisted at the base entirely out of shape, while some of them are actually out off at the top as neatly as if the joi cut off at the top as neatly as if the job was done with a knife. Signs have been scattered in every direction, and wagon beds, and tuggles, and wind mills and well curbings, and hencoops, and stables, and fences are strewn for miles around. Beds and bed clothing are hanging on trees, and so are chairs and tables, and harness and in feet, except the position of the property of th harness, and, in fact, every imaginable thing a man can think of.

thing a man can think of.
Everything from the Woods opera
house to the court house is a heap of rains.
The Cole and Rabinson plack is completeity wrecked. This hallding was occupied
by the Alliance exchange. It cost about
\$15,000 and was a handsome structure.
When the building fell it caught fire and
for a noment the plaze assumed the proportions of a confirmation. When the fire
started screams could be heard in the
building, and soon it was observed that
two women were in the ruins and stool in two women were in the ruins and an imminent dataper of cremation. These two women were Mrs. Sasher and her sis-ter, Miss Kittle Strahan.

A FIRE HOUROR.

The fire bell rang at the moment the fire was discovered and both valuation fire companies responded promptly. They fought the flames like Trojuns and desperate risks of life were laken to rescue the nufortunate women, who were beneath the wreck, from the fierce flames that were gradually resching them. Therfortes and screams were simply terrible, and pierced the hearts of every one present. Mr. Sasiner was a framic speciator of the horrible scene. He wrung his hands and mosmed pierously, and at one time made a desperate effort to jump into the raging flames to die by the side of the woman whom he led to the aidar a blushing bride four mostds ago.

whom he led to the ailar a blushing bride four mooths age.

The line began to wane, the crying and moaning ceased, and all intunsively felt that the spirits of the two laties had ac-ceeded like the smoke of their funeral pre to join kindred spirits in the great world beyond the stars. The busiand at this time aboved signs of an unbalanced mind, and friends took him home and

that he is absolutely mad over the dread-ful scene that occurred before his face. He and his wife were living a very happy life, and a bright future lay before them. When the flames were conquered a hardy band of men began deiving into the ruins and in due time appeared with both bodies, but so badly burned that at a mere touch of the finger the skin would slip from the flesh.

touch of the finger the skin would slip from the flesh.

The Conrad hotel, or boarding house, was also reduced to splinters and dustand, in fact, the entire brick block of which it was but one of four houses. It was here the calls of Ed Forsythe were heard. He was in the rear end of this building when the walls caved in and huried him six feet. His cries were recipured, and snother bund of men began delying into this pile of pulverized brick and mortar. After three solid hours work he was reached and conveyed to his home. His wounds were considered not faild till late this evening, when he was pronounced in a dying condition. Two tithers were salightly hurt.

It was in the Coural building that poor Adamson also received us death wound.

Adamson also received us death wound. The Mouttor, Press, Standard, Mail and Voice offices were all wrecked, and not a newspaper in town was thought to be left to chronicle its destruction. It was a mistake to think so, for before 7 o'clock in the same of the chronicle of the chronicle of the chronicle of the chronicle is destruction. mistake to think so; for before 7 o'clock hithe morning a sign was posted up in a conspicuous place stating that the Mail would be out on time, as usual. To settle Mail office at the time this buillering was posted one would think it would be impossible to issue a paper from the office for at least a month; but the determination of the young American igness; and at 5 o'clock Mr. Bahanna was selling copies of the Mail like hot cakes on the street. Enter Herring of the Standard seeing copies of the star like into cases on the store. Entor Herring of the Standard also demonstrated the superior stuff hi was made of; foa at 7:30 in the morning to had a corps of men rebuilding his office. Both the Monitor office and the Voice arrivate complete wrecks that it is not expected that anything of any value will or can ever he recovered.

an ever be recovered.

Every window in that section of the city Every window in that section of the city over which the storm traveled is broken—in a completery soushed and shattered as if dynam te had explodes in front of such window. It is unnecessary to particularizany further here. Wellington is 'n runs beyond the power of a pencil to describe on brush to portray. The scenes of less might will be remembered for a long time by those who went through them, and when the boys and girls of today will have at tained the age of ripe old grandsires and grandames they will remember them wildly enough to recite them to the grandchildren of their generations.

CYCLONG FREAKS. CYCLONG FREAKS.

The story told by W. Sissefer, Joseph Worden, J. A. Holinger and K. Adams is the strangest freak of all. They were in Shaefer's store, in the brick building on the corner of Washington avenue and Saventh street, when the cyclone carried away the rear wall of the building. The wind dashed them on are just the front. away the rear wall of the building. The wind dashed them up against the front door, withdrew them as it were, and by good luck Bolinger and Schaefer found a triendly counter under which they hit. At this time the gas went out and a terrible flesh of lightning fitting through the air revealed a feed hox to them. They rushed for the hox, and when they had about half way reached it the twister picked both of them up, dragged them along the celling, out of the upening caused by the collapse of the wall, and carried them a distance of 140 feet toward. A street, where it haid Bolinger down at the foot of a tree, while Shaefer got a reserved seat on the limbs.

served seat on the limbs.
Dr. Keys, the Presbyterian minister,
started out to lock the stable door after
the storm, but instead of finding the stable n its usual place he found it completely emolished and the horse browsing indoutly in the nic-ly kept lawn. Engineer Charlie Marsh owned an old

linguiser Coaries Marsa Owned an Sid lien and a brood of young chickens, which were domesticated in an empty barrel. The cycloue struck the barrel, rolled it around the yard at the rate of 100 miles an hour, took it up in the air several feet and then planted it in the ground so firmly between wothers that it was with dislocate the two trees that it was with difficulty the stout engineer moved it. In all the cir-cumfocutions of the barrel not a chicken was spilled.
A Mrs. McDouald, who lived on A street,

when the storm set in sought safety in dight to a neighbor's house across the way.

flight to a neighbor's hones heroes the way, when she reached the middle of A street she was lifted twesty feet in the air and gently dropped down again. She lost a dress in the ascension.

When the cyclone struck the Standard block the national guards were drilling in the armory. When the rear wall was taken away young Bollinger was also taken with it and landed about seventy-five feet on A street. Groning around there taken with it and landed about seventy-five feet on A street. Groping around there he is ind a woman with barely any clothes or are back. Upon being asked where sice had been taken from sice replied that sice had been taken from the Alliance store, a block and one-half away. The cyclom-stripped most of her clothing off. Sig-must have been completely lifted over two

uses to reach the spot where she was found, In looking for wick people who needed In looking for sick people who needed medical assistance a man named Ostora encountered a young man standing up against a tree. He saw him twice later in the same position, and thinking it strange he concluded to speak to the young many and got no reply. A little personal lavestication proved that the young man was actually unconcleus while standing erect on his feet. Dectors were summoned, who restored him to conclousness. His moconcleusness grew out of fright.

A residence on Jefferson areaus occupied by Mrs. Wischart was turned concleus

A residence on Jefferson areaus occu-pied by Mrs. Wisehart was turned com-pletely around and left with the back door of the klichen facing toward the

J. E. Hale, when the wind struck his notes, tried to close a transom. Being mable to succeed he called his two daugh-ters to his assistance. When they stricted the house went to pieces and as he grabbel each of the girls around the waist the three were picked up and corried through the air. When they recovered conscious-ness. Hale was lying in a gutter in the toalsale, while als daughters were PI feet from him.

John Millard entered, the Courad house as the story struck 1, and the first three

the storm struck it, and the first thing o knew he was standing on A street block away, having been snatched from the building as the roof raised and the the building at the foot rates and the rear wall give way, and unconciously taken the distance of a full block. In his digit through the air he unconciously grasped a flying umbrella and hely if itring in his nand when he had landed on A wrest.

A street.
When the twister struck the women is

When the twister struck the women is Mr. Whiters family it absolubely stropped them neked. It even took the stockning from the feet of Mrs. Winters. One family near the corner of Seventh and A streets had 21s chickens before the cyclone; now they have but three, and svery one of them is destinite of feathers. The other 375 chickens could not be found anywhere.

anywhere. The barn of Rev. Mr. Stevens was blown receiving a scratch. receiving a scratch.

The Lutherau church was turned up
the down, while a chicken coop near by

A stake two feet long was driven by the wind through the cosk covering of a well on the premises of Tom Hubbard so firmly that it could not be removed by any orni-

White the family of Frank Eills were sitting around a table a seastling came brough the roof of the house, shut like a lightening both across the room and farried teelf in the opposite wall. It came within a nee of killing the whole family. The most curious freak of all, perhaps, is the caper the tornal out around the real the caper the tornal out of the room the real of the caper the tornal out.

The most curious freak of all, perhaps, is the exper the tornado out around the real estate office of George Fuitz. It caught in the wooden awing in front of the haldling carried it around the corner of the street to the rear of the building, and then shot it through the rear wall, in which it is sticking yet. This freak of the wind is the wonder of overy visitor to the stricken city.

Alles Strahan, Mrs. Sasher's sister, rushed and burned to death itemy Adamson, laborer, killed by plate glass piercing als back to the knineys. James Weaver, occupation unknown, crushed beneath walls. Ida Jones, waiter in Phillips house, grushed to death beneath a fallen wolf.

Miss Strahan, Mrs. Sasher's sister,

PATALLY WOUNDED. Charlie Adamson, unmarried.
Mrs. Captain Mahan, badiy crushed.
Mrs. J. F. Hanna, crushed.
Wriso Wurphy, skul fractured.
Charles Stoner, Santa Fe conductor.
Little Maggie King, daughter of the late
N. Kine. 1 N. King.

WOUNDED. A. J. Bishop's child, internal injuries. A lieutenant of the Salvation army, ame unknown, fracture of shull; badig

ouren. Sylva Forsythe, printer, skull crushed. Watter Forsythe, internal injuries. Mrs. Robert Miliard, internal injuries. Arra Hobert Minaro, internat injuries. James Lawrence, Republican condidate for attorney general, arm and leg broken. There is only one wire up between here and the east, and it is a very hard matter to get messages out over it. There is no wire up west of Danville, but messages from there report the Harper cyclone failty as disastrons, as the one here. The fally as disastrous as the one here. The telephone system is a complete wreck. In fact, every whre in the city is down but one. Between forty and fifty more per-cens are injured, but none or them ser-ling away the debris of the Phillips House wreck, where at least two more bodies are expected to be found. The Santa Fe ran a special train from Wichita bringing fif-ters dontors. fully as disastrous as the one here. The

ra doctors. Reports from all the country to the west are very disconraging, and while there is no detailed news from the country in the inmediate vacinity of the city, the is tations are that the damage is terrible,

BUSINESS ROUSES DESTROYED. The following is a partial list of the The following is a partial list of the usiness houses destroyed:
C. A. Gambrill, loan and insurance.
Monitor-Press, weekly newspaper.
People's Voice, Weekly newspaper.
T. B. Hubbard, seeds and feed.
H. Conrad, testaurant.
Southern Kansas Mortgage company, an allies. on office.

Pariwell Marble company, tombstones.

Danguass & Brown, real estate.

Net Hale, coal.

W. B. Seymour, feed stable.

W. B. Saymour, feed stable.

E. L. Brown, carpetter shop.

Fisher & Adams, blacksmith shop.

Geo. R. Foitz, loan and abstract office.

I. Lynch shop shops. Geo. R. FOLE. IOAN AND ADSTRUCT GINCE.
H. Lynch, shoe shop.
Col. Jesse Brower, barber shop.
W. A. Romig, tinware store and shop.
Jahn. Roth, lunch counter.
M. J. Kain, merchant failor.
Sesher & Kirk, carriage factory,
Managerosers.

Alliance grocery.

R. J. Smits, agricultural implements, Hock Island Lumber and Manufactur-Worden & Austin, grocers, partially

S. Crane, books and stationery, east end store room and roof gone.

Doly Mail printing office, almost had any idea that my husband knew how a prayer was worded, much

Sunday was a double day of rest for the score of Wellington. The city's people of Wellington. The city's inhabitants had gone through one horrible haunting night of blood curdling." heartrending experiences, and another day of rescuing the dead from under the piles of wrenched, broken and twisted boards, plaster, tin, brick and stone. The great honde of visitors were, in a large part, the principle spectators on the street, the citizens of Wellington remaining indoors or sitting on their porches and taking a much needed rest. Weilington, a wrecked city, never had so large a number of proon her streets in her palmiest days. Fifteen thousand strangers roamed about the streets and clambered over the cuive and crawled in and out among the debri-Wichita, alone, furnished 4,500 and Winfield 1,500. People came from as far north as Herrington, Florence and Hutchirson, and as far west as Medicine Lodge crow

ouned in to see the dire work of the angry elements. Every Kansan had a curiosity and an anxiety keener because he did not know how soon he, too, would a victim of the same monster. Around the principle ruins the militia of Wellington had strung guide ropes to keep the over-curious out from among the unsteady and dangerous walls and foundations. The members of the militia were in uniform and policed the city. EXAMINING THE TREES.

Everything had an intense interest for the spectators. The big trees, some two feet in diamete , first claimed the attention of the analytically inclined and furn ished some significant proofs of the nature of the storm. Any number of these large cottonwoods were lying about on the ground, some falling to the east some to the west and north and south, all in the some deoryard, indicating the extreme narrowness of the funnel-weapon and showing its tortuous nature. In one yard four trees fell to the four points of the comicas, all within thirty feet of one an other, thus demonstrating that the found was at this point not over forty feet across and was twisting from the west to the east, for the south tree fell to the east, the east tree to the north, the north tree to the west and the west tree to the south. Strange to say, these fallen trees did not, not one of them, bring a single root up with them, but were torn off level with the sprrounding ground, and the bark about the base was twisted and wrenched, the fibres of the trees showing the appearances of a gigantic strain up the trunk for a foot or two.

THE STORM BEOKE.

Jacob Stotler Sunday told a reporter for the EastE how the storm descended: is no mere figure of speech," he said, "It say that spoken or written language is in equate to describe the awfulness, the quivering terror of that moment when the the system for an hour and rather sub pected that the worst would come to the worst. I have lived in Kansas, for many many years, but I never heard the win blow as it did that night. Steadily it would come, sharpened by occasional blasts that would tear madly about the house, and shake every article in the room walked from door to door, first watching the sky at one place and then at another The clouds were piled in grotesque palaces of black marble to the south-west and the lightning blackened the murky landscape every three or four seconds. The wind kept increasing steadily and I could hear the timbers of the house creak and groan cheek?"
under the monstrous strain. Finally, I Mr. Durham took the object from his

James Hastie, numerried; killed in a sarber chair in the Palilips house while seing shaved, a harber, married; his body is still in calm came down on the city and I thought calm came down on the city and I thought

lardly reached there, when a voiceless A barber, married; his body is still in the runns of the Paulips hotel.

Frank Campbell, married; killed in Phillips house.

Etward Forsythe, printer, bones fractured and internal lojuries; died at 5:30 y'clock this afternoon.

James Mayor, plano tuner of Kansas City; killed in Paillips hotel while reading his Bible.

Mrs. Sasher, recently married, crushed and oursed to death. The shock has affected the mind, temporarily at least, of yer hisband, not a sound-everywhere, above, beneath, breathfess silence. Then a rustle, a quivering, trembling motion of the follage, the window panes rattled with alarming omi-nouscess. The cyclose was coming. shut my eyes.

THE CRY OF WARRING DEMONS.

But it was not yet. The jarring window panes shock fitfully, but no tornado yet. I was waiting, listening, trembling for the roar-that ominous, thrilling voice of the air, which I had heard about all my life, but had yet never heard. I noticed that the sir was becoming rarified and all of us in the room were breathing heavily. Suddenly there was a change in the color of the lightning. It had been white fishes, but now it was an intense, vivid brilliant blue. Suddeniy I real red that there was a buzzing in my ears. I lis-tened sharply. It was the roar. Away in the distant, ever so faint at first, I could hear the demon of the elements in his ruthless journey. Nearer and louder,

louder and neater every moment.

The roar: What was it like? Like a bee at first; then in turn somewhat tuneful like a thresbing machine; then like a freight train, for I tried to begu."e myself into the impossible idea that it was a runaway train on the Rock Island that had gotten away from its engine, and not a tornado; then as it come closer, it was hasther and lacked every resemblance to a concordant sound and roared like a goaded elephant, and then-it struck

It is not for me to tell you of that moment All hell was let loose and the demon and devils of firey inferno, seem to have bro-ken their chains and were battling in some new found moral chaos. Have you ever sat out on a warm July evening in Kansas and listened to the love-phrases of the scarcely stirring zephyrs and the leaves shimmering in the moonlight, and felt that the repose that came, then, and at no other time? If you have, then imagine the most directly opposite condition of the elements that you can summon up, and you have an idea of a tornado when it strikes. There is a wail, a constant, desperate wall in the winds, now falling beneath the rasping shricks of Bediam witches, now rising above the gasping despair of tortured souls, now falling be neath the bellowing brawl of battling ogres and now rising above the mounful gramblings of a blinded Cyclod.

PEOPLE PRAYED. A great many stories are rife in Well-ington about instances of prayer. Many people who were never known to have a great deal of knowledge of bending the knee were down on their marrow-bones with a fervid petition for divine protec-tion in a hurry, when the tornado came. Many women were met with who accredited their escape to the power of prayer. Said one little woman who was lying crip-pled in bed, to the EAGLE reporter, "Never raned.
Summer county Standard, weekly newspaper, partially destroyed.

how a prayer was worded, much
less to be able to make one. But when
the tornudo took the roof off and a side out of the building and 'twas knocked' down, he prayed with all his spirit; and I did too, and I believe that it did save up from any greater injury. I belong to the church, but my bushand doesn't, but be tells me this morning that he is going to

Mrs. Frank Ellis was leading her Sunday school class, Sunday with a radiant face. "Prayer saved us," she said to the Eagle reporter. The reporter sked her to recount her experiences. "My husband was down town, and his aged mother and myself with the three children were sit; ting about a table waiting for him to re-turn. Shortly after the tornado struck a wall like an arrow, passed within a foot of my head and pierced the opposite wall. Then while the tempest raged, we all knelt down in a little group and I prayed

God to save us. And prayer saved us." Judge John G. Woods and his wife wer aroused by the storm. "Let us get out of this room." "Why, answered his wife "this room is as afe as another," saying that it was all over with them, Mrs. Woods began praying. "No, no, it isn't," exclaimed her vigorous husband, we have not lived all these years to die in a tornado," and he grasped his wife and rushed into snother room. Mr. Woods said Sunday that be could not tell what impered him to go int, another room, but that it looks like an intervention of Providence is shown by the ract that as they left the room a ton of brick fell where they had been standing and the room they went into was the only one not demoi

HER PLESH ON HIS CHEEK.

Among the saddest of all the sad atories is the revolting death of Mrs. Sasher and her sister, Miss Strahn. It was one of frequent repetition among the people of Weillington, Mr. and Mrs. Sasner had only been married four months and Miss Kittle was living with them. Mr. Sasher was down town when the storm struck. Mrs. Susher was froning and Miss Kittle was ill and lying in bed. When the building collapsed, Mrs. Sasher had evidently run to her sister's side for when they were taken out Mrs. Sasher's arm was are Miss Kittle. Mr. sasher ran from town to the place

where he lived. He found the building down and on fire. He may have heard the eries of his wife and dashed in, but the general opinion in Wellington is that they ers dead before the flames reached them. Somebody saw Sasher in among the flames and pulled him out. Two men held him while the improvised gangs of workmen tried to put out the fire and pull the de bris away. In the meantime Sasher had gone mad and was frantically calling for his wife. "My wife, oh, God, my wife, give me my wife," he would cry. Then he would try to break loose and dash into the break loose and dash into the flames again. Finally he had to be led away. Meanwhile, digging for the bodies was going on diligently. A long rope was tied around a large piece of timber or floor or wall and the men would grasp the rope together and pull. Jessie Durham, young man, reached the charred body Kittle Strahn first, and throwing her over his arm carried her out, her head resting on his shoulder. This was at 2:30 in the morning, five hours after the storm. A half hour later a friend sald to Mr. Dur-

"Jessie, what is that you have on your

mees, tooked at it and nearty taintee. was a piece of Miss Kittle's flesh. In carrying her out her cheek had touched his face and left is there.

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

Harry Woods talked to an Eagle re-"The whole thing was rendered a thousand times worse," he said, "from the fact that at the time so many husbands were down town when e storm de-scended. You never saw such confusion. scended. You never saw such contusion. Men were simply wild. All the men who were down town rushed home and saw their houses in ruins and supposed their wives were buried and the women and cuildren in turn supposed their husbands wers buried in the ruins down town. Everybody consequently thought that everybody else was killed. All this confusion was worst confounded by darkurss, black as pitch. I was stopped by women a half dozen times, who took me for their husbands. People were crying, men and women alike, and some acted stark mad This terrible state of affairs lasted till nearly daylight, and did not emil till every body had some tidings that their friends were safe. I passed up the street in all this din. Henry Conrad, the restaurant aan, whose wife and baby were buried and rescued, rushed up to me and cried. Tell me about my baby; give me my The men were then working very baby," hard to liberate the baby. A little further on, I met two men supporting poor Sasher. H's bead had dropped on his chest and his legs were tottering. His mind was gone I went over to where a group of men, women and children stood watching and waiting. It was the most solemn crowd 1 ever saw. Nobody said anything. They did not converse, not even in whispers. In the gray dawn, three stretchers with bodies filed past this group and I did not hear a sound. If there was any curiosity to know whose bodies had just been carried past, it was not expressed in audible words. Every lip seemed to be sealed by the calamity, and every mind subdued.

FANCIED IT WAS COMING AGAIN.

Mr. M. J. Mahon told the experience o his wife and daughter, Miss Maude, to the EAGLE reporter. "I was down town; my wife was down stairs and my daughter was in the upper story preparing her grad uating essay. When the storm struck my wife called for Miss Mande, but it was too late. Miss Mande was carried about a block. She found herself on her knees and locating herself, hurried back and heard her mother mouning under the house. She went to work bravely and deared the wreck away and got my wife out and then lead her over to her brother's nome. Mrs. Mahon could not realize what had happened. Her nerves were shattered. Every time an engine would whistle, she would start up and say, "There it is again! Let us go home. It was some time before we could get her to understand that she had no home to go to."

HOW IT FIRES.

The EAGLE reporter took particular pains to inquire into the sensations of the people who were said to be "carried" by the tornado. The truth is, nobody could be found who had gone through such an experience who could tell whether they were carried by the wind or just run along the ground. Charles Milliard, whose case was the most remarkable, was questioned. "Where was you, Mr. Milliard, when the

storm came?" "I had stepped into Conrad's restaurant to get out of the rain, when the house collapsed and I was pinned down. Then I was released and carried away by the

hind,"
["Were you carried, Mr. Millard, that is, did you know you were in the sir?"

"No, sir I do not remember a thing, be tween the time when I was prostrated and when I found myself on my kners two blocks away.

"Then you might have been run along

"Yes, that it true. But the reason I be-Here my transit was in the air, is because between the place I started and the place I fell, there are trees, houses, hedges and wells, which had I been on foot, might have barred further progress on my part."

OTHER EXPERIENCES. Mrs. Dr. Parker, who has furnished rooms up stairs across the street from the Phillips House was watching the storm, "I walked to the front window," she says, "and looked out. I could see the larber across the street in the shop, shaving Jin. Hastie. I walked around the room once and came back again and everything was swept away. It was done that quickly, Jim Hastie and the barber were both

Mrs. C. H. Winters, the wife of the chief. train dispatcher, was carried out from their house into the yard. Mrs. Winters saw a hard coal stove pass over her head She and her husband were both pinned While they were crying to extridown. cate themselves, something fell close to them with a dull thud. Later investigation showed their narrow escape. It was the square piano-forte, up side down. The tornado took Mrs. Winters shoes and stockings and her wedding ring off.

John Beck, a farmer living one mile west, said he watched the storm. There were four funnel shaped clouds at each point of the compas. After a while they all came together with a roar and dipped three times and then disappeared.

Little Sumner Brown was among those who was carried away by the wind. He was sleeping soundly in bed and when he awoke he was under a pile of boards s block away from bome.

W. H. Tucker, the propristor of the Phillips house, was on the first floor of that hotel. He is a powerful man and he humped his back and bore up a partition wall that started to fall in. Under him he put his wife and child, and although the strain was terrible, he held the heavy wall up till bely came.

Sam Davis, who drives the bacquare wagon, was coming up from the Rock Is-land depot on Harvey avenue when the wind struch him. He was dumped on the ground and saw his horses and wague picked up by the wind and corried over a

Charles Case was at the head of two borses hitched to a cab in front of the Ariington hotel. He remained through the storm and says be could plainly the vehicle rise three feet in the air and stagger the horses.

slagger the horses. E.! Forsythe was gotten out of twenty feet of brick at 20 clock in the morning. They took him home on a stretcher. His father had also been hurt and the excitoment upon seeing his son threw him into The scene was very an epileptic fit. pathetic. Young Porsythe lost con-c ness on reaching home and remained so until be died. His skull was crushed. Trepanning was tried but was of no avail.
Upon the clothes of another dead man,

Frank Campbell, was found a teirgram just received from his wife, who was visiting in Kentneky, saying that she would return next evening.

Mrs. Murchy was buried in her house.